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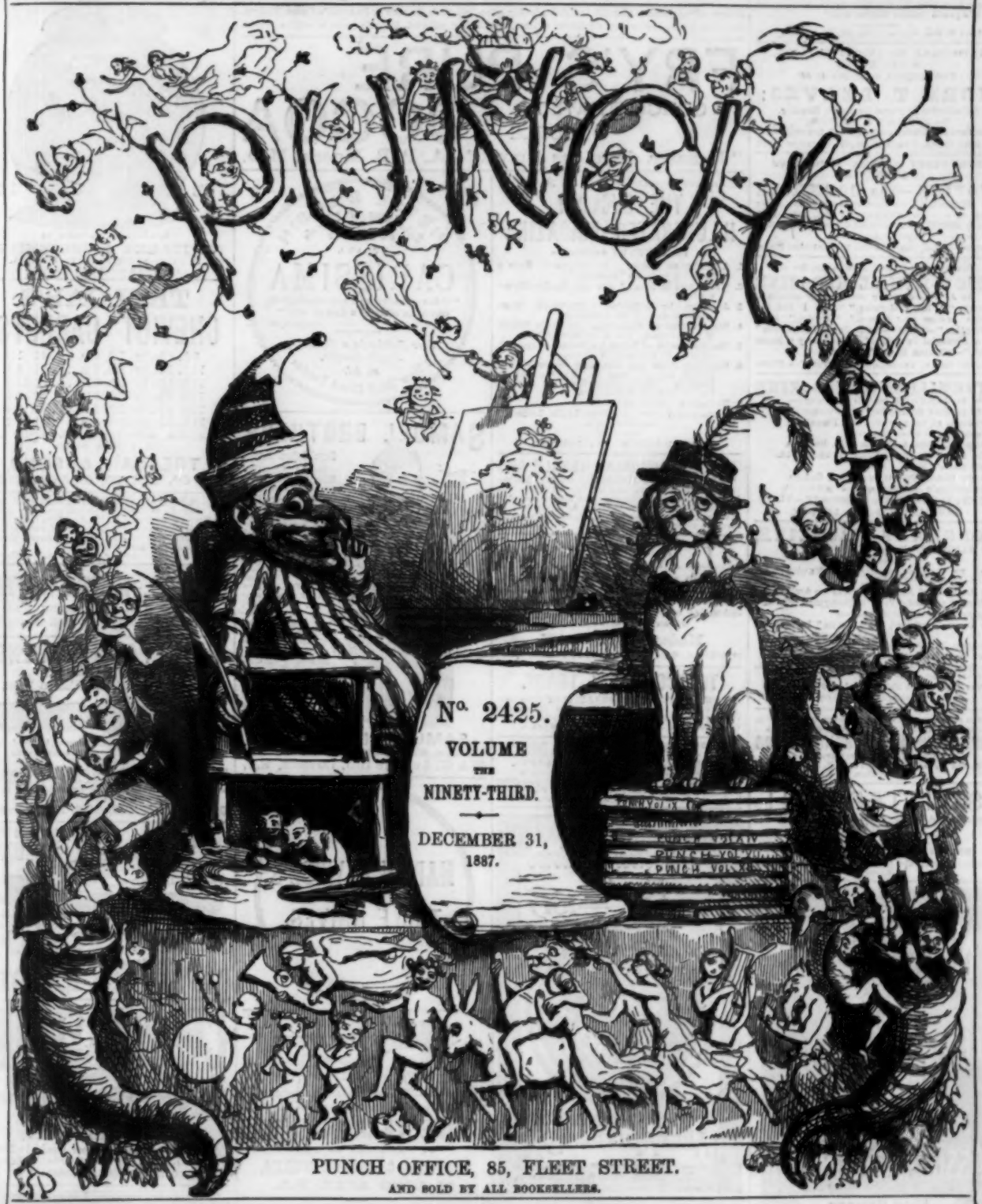

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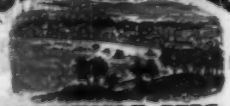

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ANOTHER "BUTLER;" OR, A THORNE IN HIS SIDE

TAKING for granted the improbabilities of Mr. AUTHOR JONES's plot—which seems to use up again the materials of *Aurora Floyd*, and one or two other novels, including the *Danvers Jewels*—and a certain maladroitness of construction, *Heart of Hearts* is both interesting and amusing. All the characters are distinctly outlined excepting one, and this one, strange to say, is *James Robins*, the hero of the piece, a part apparently written rather to suit Mr. THOMAS THORNE's peculiarities, than to exhibit any marked individuality of character.

James Robins, Lady Clarissa Fitzralf's butler,—who is of course the intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. MERIVALE's butler at Toole's Theatre round the corner,—has secretly married his mistress's sister, and her niece is openly to marry his mistress's son. Now, how about the character of *James Robins?* Is he honest? Hardly so. Is he sly? Certainly. Is he crafty? It cannot be denied. Yet the sympathy of the audience is with him. Why? Well, chiefly because he is played by Mr. THORNE, and secondarily, because he is very fond of his brother's child, whom he has brought up because his brother, having got into trouble and been compelled to "do his time," has delivered her into his care. This nice father returns, comes to see his child, and steals a ruby bracelet, this ruby being the "heart of hearts." Whereupon one *Miss Latimer*, a malicious schemer, fixes the theft on *Lucy Robins*. What more natural, considering the name? The father, *Old Robins*, has stolen the jewel; the daughter, *Lucy Robins*, has been accused of doing so. Quite a robbin's family. Of course exculpation and explanation wind up the play, though I regret to say I was compelled to leave before hearing how Mr. AUTHUR JONES deals with that old reprobate Cock *Robins*, the parent bird, who, in view of the future happiness of *Mary* and *Ralph*, would be about as presentable a father-in-law to have on the premises as that old "unemployed" reprobate, *Eccles*, in *Caste*. I am sorry he wasn't somehow disposed of, having of course previously confessed his guilt to the bilious detective, *March*, and expired under the assumed name of *Mister Masters*. By the way, AUTHUR JONES is not happy in nomenclature.

The dialogue is good throughout, even when it only indirectly developes character or helps the action, and so is the acting. Mr. THORNE as *James* is admirable; representing the character as a man gifted with an overpowering appreciation of the humorous side of every situation,—including his own as a butler,—in which either accident or design may place him. I do not believe that this was the author's intention, but this is the impression made upon me by Mr. THORNE's acting, and I am sure it could not be better played. Miss KATE RORKE is charmingly natural; Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is unequal, being better in the last Act than the first. My sensitive ear having been struck by the mellifluous accents of *Lucy* and the Corkasian,—I think, though, it may be Galwaisian,—tones of her lover, I could not help wondering why the author, after the first few rehearsals, did not slightly alter the dialect and lay the scene in Ireland. The play is well worth seeing, and begins at the easy hour of 8·45. There should be *matinées* of a new operetta, entitled *The Two Butlers*, characters by J. L. TORNE and THOMAS THOOLE.

CORNET AND PIANO.

AT A JUVENILE PARTY.

Cornet. Ready? Yes, *I'm* ready—but I'm not going to begin before I'm asked. If they want us to strike up, let 'em come and ask us, d'ye see?

Piano. Well, but there are all the children sitting about doing nothing——

C. Let 'em sit! They'll see you and me sittin' all the evenin', strummin' and blowin' like nigger slaves, and a lot they'll care! Don't you make no mistake, young Pianner, there ain't no sense in doin' more than you're obliged—you'll get no credit for it, d'ye see? And don't keep that programme all to yourself. Ah, one Swedish, one Sir Roger, and a bloomin' Cotilliong—*they*'ll take two hours alone! We shan't work this job off much before one, you see if we do. (*To Hostess.*) Commence now? By all means, Madam. Send us a little refreshment? Thank you, Madam, we shall be exceedingly obliged to you. (*The refreshment arrives.*) Here's stuff to put liveliness in us, Mate—*Leminade!*

[*Puts jug under piano with intense disgust.*

P. Well, I should think you'd lemon enough in you already.

C. I *'ate* kids, there—and that's the truth of it! It makes me downright sick to see 'em dressed out, and giving themselves the airs and graces of grown-ups. (*To Small Child.*) Yes, my little dear, it's a worltz this time. (*To Pianist.*) Strike up, young P. and O! (*A little later.*) I'm bleat if I don't believe you're *enjoying* this, Pianner, settin' there with that sort of a dreamy grin on your pasty countinance!

P. And if I am, where's the harm of it?

C. It's easy to see you ain't bin at it long, or you wouldn't take that interest in it. Much they thank you for takin' a interest, these bloated children of a pampered aristocracy! Why, they don't mind you and me more than the drugget under their feet. Even gutter kids have got manners enough to thank the Italian as plays the orgin for 'em to dance to. Are *we* ever thanked? I ask you.

P. The Italian plays for nothing. We don't.

C. There you go, redoocin' everything to coppers. You're arguin' beside the question, you are. Ever see a well-dressed kid give a orgin a penny without there was a monkey a-top of it? *I* never did. If you chained a monkey to your pianner now, they might condescend to look at yer now and then—not unless.

P. Well, you can't deny they're a nice-looking set of children here. Look at that one with the long hair, in the plush—like a little Princess, she is.

C. And p'raps she ain't aware of it, either! Why, there's that little sister o' yours, that's got hair just as long, ah, and 'ud look as pretty too, if she'd a little more colour; but you can't have colour without capital. It's 'igh-feeding does it all, and money wrung from the working-classes, like you and me.

P. I don't know what *you* call yourself. I'm a professional, and see no shame in it.

C. You can be as purfessional as you please, but you needn't be poor-spirited. Come on; pound away! Ain't you got a uglier worltz than that?

AT SUPPER.

C. I must say I ardly expected this—after the leminade. But you're eatin' nothin', young Pianner. (*To Servant.*) Thank 'ee, my pretty dear, you may leave that raised pie where it is; and do you think you could get us another bottle o' Sham, now—for my young friend here? (*To Pianist.* You needn't think you've made a conquest with that moony mug of yours. She's only lookin' after you to make *me* jealous, d'ye see? I know these minxes' ways, bless you.)

P. (*with lofty bitterness*). I've no wish to dispute it with you.

C. Ah, you've had *your* eye on the governess all the evening. I saw you!

P. (*blushing*). You're talking folly, Cornet, and what's more, you know it.

C. That's her playin' upstairs now. I know a governess's polker—all tum-tum and no jump to it. Wouldn't you like to go up and help her, eh?

P. If I *am* a wretch doomed to misery, it's not for you to remind me of it, Cornet. It's not a friendly act, I'm blowed if it is!

C. You're a regular Tant—Tarantulus, you know, that's what you are! You'll be goin' mad on your music-stool—"I saw her dancin' in the 'All"—that sort o' thing, hey?

P. (*with dignity.*) It seems to me you've had quite enough of that Champagne, and we've been down half-an-hour.

C. You don't 'pear to unnerstand that a Cornet's very mush thirstier instrumen' than a iron-grand out o' tune—but you're a good young feller—I li' a shentimental young chap. I'm a soft-arted ole fool myshelf!

AFTER SUPPER.

C. (*with emotion.*) Loo' at that now, ain't that a sight to make a man o' you? All these brit appy young faces. I could play for 'em all ni'—blesh their 'arts! Lor, what a rickety chair I'm on, and thish bloomin' brash inshtrumen's gone and changed ends. Now then, quicken up, let 'em 'ave it—you are a shulky young chap!

P. It is not sulks but misery. I swear to you, Cornet, that each hammer I strike vibrates on my own heart-strings!

C. Then you can be innerpennant of a pianner.

P. I am young—but the young have their sorrows, I suppose. Is it nothing to have to minister to others' gaiety with a bitter pang in one's own breast?

C. Thash wha' comes o'shtickin' to the leminade!

A LITTLE LATER.

P. (*aghast*). I say, what *are* you about? You mustn't, you know!

C. (*smiling dreamily*). It'sh all ri', dear boy! If a man fines he can't breathe in 'sh bootsh—on'y loshical coursh 'fore him is to play in socksh—d'ye see?

AT PARTING.

The Cornet (*to hostess, with benignant tenderness.*) Goori', Madam, Gobblesh you, I do' min' tellin' you, you've made me and the pianner here, and sh, 'undreds of young innoshent arts very 'appy, Madam, you may ta' that from *me*. I hope we've given complete satisfaction, 'm sure we've had mosht pleasant shupper—I mean pleasshant evenin'—*sho* glad we came. And you mushn't ta' no notish my young fren, he 'sh been makin' lil too free with the leminade, d'ye see? *Goo* ri! [*Exit gracefully, and is picked up at bottom of Staircase by the Pianist.*

TOBY'S GREETING.

A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

Library, House of Commons,
New Year's Eve.

HONOURED SIR,

I FIND in the Letter Bag a communication from that eminent statesman GRANDOLPH. But I think it will keep for a week, and on this New Year's Eve I will put in the Bag a letter of my own, addressed to him who, take him for all in all, (as BACON wrote) is the most Eminent Man of the century. No one, a cynic has said, is a hero to his own valet—meaning, I suppose, that the closer a man is looked into the less profound his valley appears. It has been my lot to sit at your feet for close upon half-a-century, perched upon the pile of volumes which, oddly enough, never grows an eighth-of-an-inch higher through the revolving years. You have honoured me with your closest confidence. I have known your inmost thoughts. I have often seen you, as you are weekly presented to an admiring public, chuckling with finger to nose and brightened eye over the inception of a joke, and I have observed you afterwards a little depressed on reading it in the proof, struck with the conviction that it was not quite so good as you thought. I am not your valet. But you are truly my Hero.

It may be said that I am prejudiced by receipt of personal favours. You took me literally out of the streets to be your daily companion, and, at friendly though still humble distance, to consort with the Beauty and Brilliance that throngs your court. But for you I might years ago have followed the historic precedent, gone mad to serve my private ends, bit some unwholesome person and died. But you took me by the paw, lifted me into your company, placed me on the pedestal of your ever-increasing but never-swelling bulk of volumes, whence it was an easy matter to step on to the lower level of the floor of the House of Commons. The prestige of your name was sufficient to secure for me the suffrages of one of the most important and one of the most enlightened county constituencies of this still undivided Empire.

As I sit here alone in this dimly-lighted chamber there glide along with silent footfall an interminable procession of familiar faces and figures that have passed through this room since I first took the oath and my seat for Barkshire. DIZZY walks past, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but conveying to the mind of the onlooker a curious impression that he sees all round; and here comes kindly STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and burly BERESFORD-HOPE, and TOM COLLINS, with the faded umbrella he used to bring down through all the summer nights and solemnly commit to the personal charge of the doorkeeper. And there goes dear ISAAC BUTT, wringing his hands because of Major O'GORMAN's revolt, and W. P. ADAM, disappointed after his long fight which ended with victory for his Party and something like a snub for himself. Here is NEWDEGATE frowning at the scarlet drapery of a reading lamp; and behind him, WHALLEY, wondering whether he was really in earnest when he denounced him before the House of Commons as "a Jesuit in disguise." Here, too, poor Lord HENRY LENNOX with his trousers turned up, and Sir THOMAS MAY with a Peerage looming within hand's reach, and Captain GOSSET steering his shapely legs towards his room to drink Apollinaris and read up Hansard. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces, and the New Year, which the bell-ringers are waiting to welcome in, is nothing to them. Over there in the corner are the two chairs on which the form of JOSEPH GILLIS reclined on the first all-night sitting that ever was, when, the thing being fresh to Members, they were eager to stop up all night, to walk round the recumbent form, dropping pokers and heavy volumes with innocent attempt to disturb the slumberer. But JOSEPH GILLIS slept, or

seemed to sleep. He was giving the Saxon trouble, and was not greatly inconvenienced himself.

I have taken down from the shelves two volumes among the most recent and most prized addition to our Library, and, turning over the leaves, come upon fresh testimony to my Honoured Sir's prescience. Turning over *John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character*, garnered from the Collection of *Mr. Punch*, I find under date twenty-five years back, women of all degrees presented under cover of monstrous hoops. Everybody wore crinoline in those days. It was the thing, the only possible thing, and the average human mind could not grasp the idea of there being any other way of arraying the female form. But the prophetic eye of one of the most brilliant of *Mr. Punch's* Young Men peered into the future and beheld what was to come.* In the very midst of delineations of these everyday monstrosities, fearful in the drawing-room, grotesquely exaggerated in the kitchen, JOHN LEECH flashed forth a view of the future. There are three sketches of girls, two in the eel-skin dress that marked the rebound from the hideous tyranny of crinoline, and the third showing a style of dress that might have been sketched to-day in Bond Street, not forgetting the upper rearward segment of the crinoline which survives at this day to hint what has been. *Ex pede Herculem.* It seemed at the date a monstrous idea, a nightmare fancy, peradventure a joke. But *Mr. Punch's* calm eye pierced the veil of the future, and saw then, as he has always seen, what was to be.

This, Sir, is only a solitary instance of your prescience cited in accidentally turning over the collected pages that seem so familiar and are still so fresh. I could quote indefinitely as I turn over the leaves. But time is shorter than usual this evening. There is less than an hour left of 1877. The procession I spoke of just now has passed out and closed the doors. Under brighter and more inspiriting auspices comes another group. May I present them to my honoured Master? EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT this is *Mr. Punch* of whom you may have heard. *Mr. Punch*, this is EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT of whom I expect you will hear a good deal. And here, happier in his possessions than *King Lear*, are his four daughters—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They come to wish you a Happy New Year in which no one joins so heartily as your humble friend and servitor,

TOBY, M.P.

* There is a later example of this gift in the date of another Young Man's letter.—ED.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Friendly Critic. "HUMPH! A LITTLE *WOOLLY* IN TEXTURE, ISN'T IT? OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THE *SHEEP!*"

FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THANK you for your advice. You were right when you told me to go and see Mrs. BERNARD BEERE in *As in a Looking Glass*. Indeed, she does hold the mirror up to "nature,"—which is in this instance what ZOLA calls *la bête humaine*,—and in it is reflected the worn face, so weary of wickedness and so hopeless of the future, of *Lena Despard*. The moral of the story—for moral there is—is never out of date. If we can ever retrace any of our steps in life, which I doubt, there are at all events some false steps that never can be retraced. Our deeds become part and parcel of ourselves, and we can no more rid ourselves of them than we can jump off our shadows.

"Our deeds our angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still."

And yet *la bête humaine*, has not quite killed the soul of this adventuress, for she is still capable of a real love, and of proving its reality by an awful self-sacrifice. This is not a Christmas spirit, is it? But you see I went before Christmas, and having done with tragedy, I am looking forward to pantomimical stuff and nonsense. I had not read the novel,—*you* have, but considerately refrained from telling me the plot,—so I enjoyed the performance without my memory compelling me to compare it, for better or worse, with the original story.

I have never seen Mrs. BEERE play anything before this, nor have I seen SARAH BERNHARDT, who, as you tell me, was in other pieces this lady's model. A London Cousin of mine, who is a theatre-goer, and knows several of the leading actors and actresses "at home," tells me that in this piece the individuality of the actress is completely merged in the part, and that it is only when she is saying something very cynical, that he was reminded by a mannerism peculiar to this actress how bitter this BEERE could be on occasion. It is a pity her name is BEERE, because when I asked my cousin (do you know him—JOSEPH MILLER?) if, off the stage, this lady was really thin and tall, he replied, "Yes—Mrs. BEERE was never stout, and was never a half-and-half sort of actress."

And then, when I pressed him for serious answer, he said, "Well, she's *Lena* on the stage, as you see." What is one to do with a joker like this, except go with him to a Pantomime, Burlesque, or Circus?

Yours,

LITTLE PETERKIN.

P.S.—The Opéra Comique is not the Theatre for a *tragédienne*. Joe says, "Yes it is—for Mrs. BEERE, because of the '*Op* in it."

"DE DEUX SHOWS, UNE."

ON Thursday night, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, brought out a new piece at the Globe, and in Leicester Square, the Empire Variety Show was inaugurated. The good-natured "Visible Prince," who is always ready to encourage Art in any form, and willing to "open" anything from a Cathedral to an Oyster, was present at this *première* of the New Music Hall. Poor W. B! "How long! How long!" By the way, it may be necessary to explain to some simple persons, that *The Empire* has nothing whatever to do with The Imperial Institute.

A Christmas Tip.

"TALLY ho! Yoicks, over there!" Which being translated, means go and see the Sporting "Illustrations" at GERMAN REED'S—not "German" at all, for you must always take this title *cum corney grano*, but "So English, you know." And CORNEY GRAIN'S song afterwards, that marvellous duet between Corney and Piano,—excellent!

THERE is now an Examination for everything. A man can't even become a Bankrupt without passing an examination. Very hard this.

SOMETHING TO SWALLOW.—TOM TOPER says, "SHAKSPEARE'S plays were written partly by SHAKSPEARE and partly by BACON. It was a 'split B. & S.'"

THE RECENT PRIZE-FIGHT.—What the French thought of it: an In-Seine proceeding.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just come across something on Modern Wiggism in the shape of an amusing advertising book on the Wigs supplied to leading actors by the theatrical perruquier FOX. "Nothing like leather," said the tanner; and judging from the collection of illustrations and notices, it is, in Mr. FOX's opinion, more what is outside the head than what is in it, that insures success on the Stage. The perruquier makes the wig, and the wig makes the actor. There are portraits of various theatrical celebrities, including one or two of Mr. TOOLE, in various wigs, whose presentments in these pages may entitle the work to be called FOX's *Book of Martyrs*—willing martyrs, of course, and many of them after they've strutted and fretted for several hours on the stage, quite ready to go cheerfully to "The Steak."

Mr. FREDERICK BARNARD'S *Character Sketches from Dickens* have been republished. They are the work of a true artist; but he should have left *Mr. Pickwick* alone. Who cares for an artistic *Mr. Pickwick*? No; let him ever remain the burlesque eccentricity invented by Mr. SEYMOUR, and founded on DICKENS's creation. But Mr. BARNARD's *Mrs. Gamp* and *Bill Sikes* are both quite truly Dickensonian.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

NUGGETS IN NORTH WALES.

THERE is legends, and traditions told, and narratives, and tales,
Of wealth in mountain crannies, caves, and cells of ancient Wales.
The dens of dwarves and fairies, sprites and goblins, imps and elves,
Where they, like misers, look you, kept their treasures to themselves.

A cockatrice, a griffin, or a wivern watched the hoard,
In the coffers of the crystal rocks, and stone-strong chambers stored,
Breathed fire and flames, and ramped and raved in form to tear and rend,
And scratch and bite, and sting with tail, barbed arrow-like on end.

The lions and the eagles and the snakes together linked,
The cockatrices, wiverns, and their tribes is all extinct.
No dragons could PENDRAGON, if alive yet, find to slay,
And the dwarves, and fays, and fairies all alike have gone away.

Now GRIFFITHS is the Safe Man, and a griffin guards no more
The secret riches of the rocks—they lie concealed in ore;
The lodes and veins, and minerals, there's quantities untold
In the quarries and the crystals, and the quartzes, full of gold.

It is an El Dorado, found in Mawddach's happy vale;
It is Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN'S, look you, no romancer's tale.
And mines besides Gwmfynydd mine 'tis like there 's them that owns;
Peradventure Mr. JENKINS, Mr. EVANS, Mr. JONES.

North Wales will be a Golden Chersonesus, though the phrase
Is a little solecisms, indeed, suppose quartz-crushing pays.
And, moreover, in Welsh diggings what if nuggets there be found,
As large as leeks, and weighing from a scruple to a pound?

A Golden Age in Wales, look you, there 's goodly ground to hope,
And a theme of song besides to give the Bards unbounded scope,
And prizes at Eisteddfoddau for poetry and odes,
On the find of gold in the quartzes and the metal-veins and lodes.

SOCIAL ROMANCE.

A "Fragment," extracted from the "Dim and Distant Future," as imagined by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

IT was a delightful summer evening, and East London was looking its brightest. The eight hours of daily toil were over, and the crowds of cheery-voiced and happy-faced working people were returning in merry groups to their respective homes, scattered here and there amid the splendid Co-operative Palaces that reared their decorated fronts to meet the last golden glories of the setting sun, and break the soft progress of the gentle evening breeze laden with the sweet scents of the myriad flowers blooming freshly amid the verdant *parterres* and winding woodland walks by which they were divided and surrounded. Here a rippling fountain made silvery music in the air, while yonder the noisy brooklet could be traced cleaving its headlong way to the lovely Thames flowing seaward tranquilly beneath, its translucent surface being broken now and again only by the leap from an occasional seventy-pound salmon revelling for very joy in the highly hygienic quantity of the pure and crystal water in which he was existing. Above was the faultless deep-blue glory of an Italian sky. Beneath rare forest trees, amidst which the graceful oleander and wild tamarisk flourished with all their native strength, produced a grateful shade. So sparkling and smokeless was the pervading atmosphere that merely to inhale it was a physical pleasure. Sanitary and social science had indeed worked their wonders here. East London had become to all those who dwelt amid its fairy labyrinths a veritable earthly Paradise. And as he cast his shapely but workmanlike frame with an elegant ease on to one of the hundred comfortable lounges that at intervals fringed its green swards throughout their entire length and breadth, no one in the full flush of this glorious summer evening appreciated the fact more keenly than did JEREMIAH HALFINCH.

"Ah! this is delicious!" he cried, with enthusiasm; "just a few moments' rest here to solve this problem, and then—*pour me rendre chez moi!*" He spoke with all the easy grace and perfect *ton* of a West-End *raconteur*, and as he opened his basket of tools and produced from it a translation of a new work on German Philosophy, in the pages of which he was speedily engrossed, it was impossible not to be struck by his general appearance. His frame was that of an Herculean Apollo, while his head, with its finely-chiselled features and long tawny moustache, nobly set upon his shoulders, might have belonged to a Captain in the Guards. There was in his eyes something of the look of an intelligent Chief Justice, and whenever he moved it was with all the commanding dignity of a Lord Mayor. In short, it needed only a glance at JEREMIAH HALFINCH to set him down for what he was,—a fair specimen of the average type of the working-man of the day.

He was not, however, destined to be long in solving his philosophical problem, a light step on the gravel-path caught his ear. He looked up. "Ah! Miss BETSY JANE," he said, rising with a courtly grace as his eye rested on the trim neatly dressed form of a girl of nineteen; "so you, too, are enjoying the Elysian fragrance of this lovely evening?"

The fair girl blushed slightly. She was very lovely. Her golden hair crowned her beautifully shaped brow in broad deep bands. Her mouth had that indescribable sweetness that is often met with in those in whom a marvellously active intelligence is united to a strongly poetic temperament. Her eyes were like two exquisite saucers of liquid blue, from whose sapphire depths light and laughter seemed to sparkle up unbidden with every variation of her mobile and ever changing countenance. Yet she was only a poor work-girl making her £2 16*s.* 6*d.* a week, under the new scale of prices, by button-holeing.

"I am enjoying the evening, for who would not, Mr. HALFINCH?" she answered, half demurely, with a pretty pout, "but I have just come from my Hydrostatic Class, and was thinking of looking in at the Opera on my way home. They are doing "*Tristan und Isolde*," and a little *Wagner* is such a pleasant close to the day. Do not you think so?"

"Indeed I do," he answered eagerly, "and I will accompany you—that is, if I may," he added, apologetically.

"If you *may!*" was the arch reply. In another minute they were strolling leisurely along, side by side, towards the "Great Square of Recreation," that was already scintillating in the distance, lit up with the electric light as with the full blaze of day. As they were emerging from the garden-path, they passed a small child. She was carrying a little stone funereal urn, and she nodded to them. They stopped for a moment.

"Why, POLLY, dear, what have you got there?" asked BETSY JANE, stooping down to kiss the child.

"Oh! it 's only Great Grandmother," went on the little speaker, volubly. "I 'm fetching her from the *Crematorium*. She was only *ashed* yesterday, you know, and father says he would like to have her on the parlour chimney-piece as soon as possible; and so I am bringing her home."

"Well, my little woman," threw out HALFINCH, kindly. "Take care you don't drop your Great Grandmother, that 's all."

"Oh no! I can carry her well enough," was the prompt response; and little POLLY was soon bounding away across the grass merrily, with her ancestral burthen.

* * * * *

BETSY JANE and JEREMIAH HALFINCH had presented their passes at the door of the Opera House, listened to an Act of WAGNER's incomparable music, and were now once more coming homewards. Their conversation had had a wide range, touching at one moment on the Norse *Saga*, and at another on the Binomial Theorem; now on the Philosophy of EPICTETUS, and now on the latest speculations as to the basis of Nebular Matter. They were deeply interested in their talk, and it was not till they were suddenly arrested in their progress that they became aware that their path was stopped by a Policeman who was kindly stooping over a little child who was crying over something she had dropped.

"Oh! it is little POLLY; and she has let her Great Grandmother fall!" cried BETSY JANE, much concerned.

"Yes, and I have spilled her; and father will be so cross!" added the child in tears, pointing to the broken vase and to some white ash that laid upon the gravel path.

"Never mind, my little woman, we will soon make it all right,"

answered HALFINCH, at the same time taking an evening paper from his pocket, and carefully collecting the broken fragments of the vase and its contents, and making them up into a neat parcel. "There," he added, "he'll have to get a new vase. But you may tell your father I think he'll find his Grandmother all there. So wipe your eyes and get home as fast as you can."

* * * * * *

They watched the figure of the receding child.

"You don't have much work down this way nowadays?" inquired HALFINCH amiably of the Policeman.

"Much work! Why, bless you, Sir, beyond occasionally running in an Unemployed Sweater, we have none at all."

"Well, good night, Miss BETSY JANE," said HALFINCH.

"Good night, Mr. HALFINCH," responded the lovely girl.

Then they each turned to their brilliantly-lighted Co-operative Palace homes. Silence soon fell upon the scene. Another happy East-End day had come to its luxurious close.

NEW YEAR MEMS.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Smother HOWARD VINCENT & Co.—at least in public. Give private tip to HARTINGTON, BRIGHT, and GOSCHEN, to get me talked about as a "second COBDEN."

Special.

Mr. W. E. Gl-dst-ne. Mem.—Feel a little "chippy" this morning. Go out axing. Send New Year's Card to DOPPING. Forgive and Forget. Write fewer letters, make fewer speeches, avoid railway station oratory; CH-MB-RL-N's imitating me there. Shall have him next taking to chopping trees in Prince's Gardens. *Mem.*—Return to use of post-cards; shall also give up writing magazine-articles and devote myself more to commercial pursuits; there's a good deal to be done in chips if one gives his mind to it. Why not leave Hawarden and reside at Chipping Norton?

Mr. B-lf-r. Gingerly manipulate the "Crimes Act" across the Channel for the next few weeks. *Mem.*—Parliament opens Feb. 9th. Be careful what I say or write about anybody. Consult Solicitor.

C. S. P-rn-ll. Change my name and address next year, call myself B-CKLE of the *Times*.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Retire from "Fisheries'" as gracefully and as soon as possible. As J-SSE C-LL-NGS would say, "Hook it." COD-LING 's the man.

The Lord Ch-f J-st-ce of Engl-nd. Shall begin New Year by leaving off voice lozenges, or may be called a "Sucking Ch-f J-st-ce." Shouldn't like this, and I know of one worldly journalist who wouldn't hesitate to write it.

The Right Hon. J. G. G-sch-n, M.P. Think I shall go back to the Liberal Party for a year at least; have tried them all round; find the last rather worse than others. R-ND-LPH says I should by this time be an authority on the principle of the "Theory of Exchanges."

Sir W-ll-m H-r-c-rt, M.P. Shall begin to get up every morning at seven during recess, and go out for walk in glades of New Forest before breakfast. Find it a capital place to think out *impromptus* for my speeches.

Monsignor P-rs-co. Mem.—Keep myself *to* myself, and don't say nothing to nobody.

Archbishop Cr-ke. Ask THOS. O'DW-R of Limerick to dinner. Cut National League on first opportunity.

Archbishop B-ns-n. Study the Calendar of State Papers, time of HENRY THE EIGHTH, carefully. Get portrait of myself done in full canonicals, with the two acolytes in scarlet skull-caps and cassocks, as we appeared at Truro. Pretty subject: great scope for artist.

Bishop of L-nd-n. "Oblige B-WS-N." Ask ST-W-RT H-DL-M to take me to the Alhambra. Try and get a copy of that now extinct work, *Essays and Reviews*.

Lord D-nr-v-n. Must find out what I really mean by "Fair Trade." Write to *Notes and Queries*, and see if I can't get a definition somehow.

Mr. O'Br-n. Continue to pose as the "Martyr of Tullamore." Meantime, endeavour to get supplied with still more fashionable clothes. Why not a cheque suit, from America?

Cardinal M-nn-ng. Do something of everything. *Mem.*—Buy new Filter.

The L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r. Must really show some reason for my being in this exalted position. Find comfortable quarters for a few of my nephews, cousins, and sons-in-law who are still among "the Unemployed."

The Right Hon. J-hn Br-ght, M.P. Mem.—J-HN B-GHT, Always right. Politeness costs nothing. Get someone to give me a short manual of this almost-lost art, like prize-fighting. The latter being revived. Practise both.

Mr. C. V-ll-rs St-nf-rd. Inaugurate my Professorship in style. Get to work, and show 'em I'm the best man to turn out a genuinely successful first-class English Opera.

Professor H-xl-y. Study SP-RG-N's Sermons for jokes and style, and read some theology, with a view to carrying out the great object of my life—smashing W. S. L-LLY.

Mr. W. S. L-lly. Write more *Chapters of History*. Devote five minutes, one day when I have the leisure, to smashing H-XL-Y.

Mr. Justice St-ph-n. Read up everything. After doing this, at last give my attention to the study of law. *Mem.*—Who was "*The Master of the Sentences?*" Must get his work, and revise some of my own.

Sir F. L-ght-n, P.R.A. Commence getting up Academy Speech for opening day. *Mem.*—Read *Lemprière's Classical Dictionary* for subject for big R.A. picture.

Sir J. E. M-ll-s, R.A. Knock off a few pictures for Illustrated papers of Christmas, 1888. Any model with fair hair will do. Write to P-RS' S—p people.

W. P. Fr-th, R.A. Write more Recollections. *Note.*—Wish I'd taken to this sort of thing earlier in life.

Mr. L-b-ch-re, M.P. Must get rid of BR-DL-GH; always been rather a drag on me. Try and hit on some other popular notion as good as *Truth's* Christmas Toys. Keep Eye on "EDMUND."

Mr. Edm-nd Y-t-s. Write more Recollections and Experiences. Call them *Moi-Mêmeries*. Keep eye on "HENRY."

Mr. J. L. T-le. Spend all my spare time in arranging jokes for speeches. Note them down every morning when shaving. Send an occasional letter to friend IRV-NG.

H. Irv-ng. Refuse title if offered. Tell friend T-LE to do the same.

Mr. J. L. S-ll-v-n (*Pugilist*). Challenge somebody. "Excuse my glove."

Mr. J. Sm-th (*Pugilist*). Challenge S-LL-V-N, and fight him.

Sir A. S-ll-v-n (*Composer*). Leave Society to the other S-LL-V-N. Have had enough of it. Get back to my music. Give up G-LB-RT as soon as possible.

Mr. W. S. G-lb-rt. Hang music. Write something or other without it. As soon as possible, give up S-LL-V-N. Also dispense with GR-SSM-TH.

F. L-ckw-d, Q.C., M.P. Renounce Law and Politics. Draw for *Punch*. Ask H. F-RN-SS to give me a few lessons.

Right Hon. D-vid R. Pl-nk-t, M.P. Take a walk about London every morning *at least*, with view to rivalling *Sam Weller* in extent, if not peculiarity, of my knowledge of this "Vast Metrolopus."

Mrs. B-rn-rd B-re. Look after the acting rights of *La Tosca*. Get as good a play (if I can) as *Alice in the Looking-glass*, from the author of the novel. Go to Paris, and see dear SARAH. Find a better theatre than the Opéra Comique.

Mr. S-ntl-y. Learn "*The Vicar of Bray*," and "*Father O'Flynn*," as I have not added many new songs of late years to my *répertoire*.

Mr. S-ms R-v-s. Keep all my notes for my Autobiography. What title? *Apologia?*

M-d-me P-tti. Have "*Home, Sweet Home*," translated into foreign languages, to give it an air of novelty. Leave Wales to the Welshers.

Mr. A-g-st-s H-rr-s. Commence Pantomime for 1888-89. Entertain everybody. Send Life Pass for the Queen's Box, to the Assistant Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Must be presented at Court this year. Should look well in Court suit.

Dr. R-bs-n R-se. Must invent something new in the diet line for New Year; shall cut off claret and hot water and their dry toast. *Mem.*—To write article in *F-rtn-ghtly* on "The Here and There of London Life," and point out the absolute necessity of consulting me on every subject. Recommend (as something novel), taking soup after cheese. This advice ought to increase my practice considerably.

The Rev. Dr. P-rk-r. Shall stay at home; at least, won't go again to United States; too vast.

Mr. B-s-nt. Keep my name well before the public. Think New Novel, *All Sorts of Mortiboys*, by Sir W-LT-R B-S-NT, Bart., would have good effect with publishers. Get W-LS-N B-RR-TT to dramatise with me, of course. Shall ask him not to act in it. Off to Africa, to get away from "London blacks."

Mr. N-rm-n L-cky-r. Write *Magnum 'Opus*, on the action of Snowballs in Space.

Sir M-r-ll M-ck-nz-e. Make careful study of the peculiar diseases incident to "Rumour's lying throat"—especially in Germany.

Ch-rm-n of M-ddl-s-x M-g-str-t-s. Attend some Metropolitan Music Hall every night of my life.

Ed-t-r of P.M.G. Get Stead-ier every day.

Mr. Punch. To wish a Happy New Year to everybody generally.

THE PENNY READING.

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Distinguished Amateur Vocalist (both Serious and Comic). "I CAN'T SAY YOU HAVE A VERY APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC UP HERE! I NEVER SANG '*VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH*' BETTER—BUT NOBODY LAUGHED A BIT!"

Horrid Boy. "OH, BUT THEY DID WHEN YOU SANG '*THE DEATH OF NELSON.*' I SAW THEM!"

THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

WHAT will he play? Oh! young New Year,
Precocious power and baby skill
To Music's zealots are strangely dear;
The tiny fingers that thump and trill,
That sweep the keyboard with splendid speed,
Like rattling rain-drops, or fairy-feet,
Are sure of flattery's fullest meed,
And praise is sweet.

An early *début*, my little man!
The dimpled digits you swiftly spread
The sounding octaves can scarcely span,
The pedals hardly your toes can tread.
Yet here you are, and the public ear
Is all agog for the opening chords,
With breathless mingling of hope and fear,
Too deep for words.

The Future's Music before you stands,
Time at your elbow is prompt to turn.
'Twill tax the force of your infant hands,
Prodigies even have much to learn.
MOZART, or HOFFMANN, or LISZT, of course,
You may turn out in your own new line;
May give us freshly the fire and force
Of RUBINSTEIN.

The hour, young Hopeful, seems something [scant
In present promise of Harmony;
Our leading music is militant.
Touch us a stave in a cheerful key!
We have abundance of crash and blare,
Drums and trumpets make angry noise;
Most of us long for a Lydian air,
O, best of boys!

Something Arcadian, manly-sweet,
Blending notes of the lyre and flute;
Pastoral Symphony gaily fleet,
Moaning chords in the minor mute.
Something stirring to lift the heart,
Something merry to move the toes;
Melody pure with a mirthful start
And a moving close.

Charges, marches, bugle-blasts,
Clarion-calls to the onset, tire;
Martial music a sadness casts,
Too long blown, e'en on hearts of fire.
Still the trumpet, and drop the drum!
Bid the fife for a moment cease!
Boy, we 'll bless you if you 'll but strum
The notes of Peace.

Wagner-worry of key and string
Has its power, and holds its place;
Touch to-day, boy, the chords that sing
Of love and gladness, of mirth and grace.
The Future's Music you fain must play?
True! Yet turn ere a chord is struck.
A bumper, boy, to a brighter day!
Here 's health and luck!

UNCOMMON.

MR. PUNCH lately learned to his extreme astonishment and delight that he is one of the independent Electors of the Ward of Farringdon Without. He gathered this important information from the receipt of a highly illustrated card from one of the numerous candidates to represent him in that illustrious body the Court of Common Council, during the coming year, soliciting the honour of his vote and interest.

The Candidate in question described at length his various qualifications for the office he sought. He kindly informed *Mr. Punch* that he was a Citizen, a Loriner—whatever that mysterious occupation may mean—and a People's Caterer, and any doubt that might have been entertained with regard to the especial business for which he catered was at once removed by the perusal of the last line of his canvassing card, which, after kindly informing *Mr. Punch* that he had no less than sixteen votes at his disposal, finished with the remarkable request, "Kindly PLUMP for your Little SAUSAGE MAKER!"

Naturally wondering why a little Sausage Maker should be considered as so peculiarly eligible for the office of Common Councilman, that every elector should plump for him, *Mr. Punch* again examined the mysterious card, and found on its back a graphic representation of a race for the "Pork Sausage Derby," showing the Candidate, mounted on a decidedly thoroughbred Pig, coming in an easy winner with the rest nowhere, amid the chorus of the surrounding multitude.

Doubting whether a Large Tripe Dresser, or a Middle-sized Mutton-Pieman, would not have equal claims upon his Plumper to that of a Little Sausage Maker, *Mr. Punch* decided to take no part in the Election for Common Councilmen until the real meaning of the word "Common" is better understood than it evidently is at present by some aspirants to the Office in question.

THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

LITTLE 1888. "WHAT SHALL I PLAY?"

FATHER TIME. "THE 'MUSIC OF THE FUTURE,' MY DEAR, OF COURSE"!!!

DOLL-CE DOMUM.

ONE of the prettiest and most seasonable sights we have seen for a long while was the display of toys collected by the proprietor of *Truth* from the readers of that entertaining periodical, exhibited in Willis's Rooms before distribution amongst the children of our hospitals and work-houses. The dolls (there were thousands and thousands of them) seemed to be bidding the fashionable world adieu before entering, like so many Sisters of Mercy, upon a mission of tender charity to the sick poor. There was a private view on Sunday, a week before Christmas Day, and those who examined the treasures revealing the glories of Regent Street and the Lowther Arcade, could not help thinking "Mr. LABOUCHERE must have a heart as good as his head, and be a very kind man *au fond*." We wonder whether that confirmed cynic, the proprietor of *Truth*, would make the same admission?

THE reasons given in the correspondence published in the *Times* of last Thursday for discharging Mr. HIGHTON from his offices in connection with the Westminster Play seem to us inadequate. Instead of his work tending to lower the tone of the performance, surely its effect would obviously be to Highton it.

OF course SMITH and KILRAIN passed their Boxing-Day together.

"TO PUT IT BROADLY."

Improvised Butler (to Distinguished Guest). "WILL YE TAKE ANNY MORE DRINK, SOR!"

ROBERT ON THE FRENCH TUNG.

I BEGINS to feel as how the older one gits the more a little bother seems to worry him. There was a time when I could look bothers in the face with the same carm look as I lissens to a gent when he tries to perswade me as how as that port isn't '47 Port, but them times is gorn I 'm afeard, never to return.

My present bother came upon me amost like a moderate size thunderbolt, and was summut in this way. The Manager of one of my best Hotels took me into his privet room, one day larst week, and had sum werry sollem tork with me. He was werry kind, and werry considerate, but he was also werry furm, and what he said was summut like this:—

"You see, ROBERT," said he, "things is a changing in Hotels as is amost all other things, and all things as is jest a leetle old fashoned and a leetle rusty, as it were, must be jest pollished up a bit, and made a little fresher like. Now take our Hotel, for xample. See what lots of forren gents comes and stays here, and many on 'em so orful ignorant that they carnt not hardly speak a word of Inglish! Well, if they araks one of our Hed Waiters a plain common question in French, which they all on 'em seems to know how to tork, they natrally expecs a anser. Now, what French do you know?"

I confess I was so taken aback at the suddenness of the question, that I was amost speechless. But I pulled myself together, like a man and a Hed Waiter, and said, "Not werry much, Sir, but when I was in Brussels two years ago, witch, I bleeves is sumwheres in France, I lernt jest a few words from the gassons at the Flarnders Hotel, witch I have treasured up in fond memory, and may find usefool sumtimes." "Oh," said he, "I didn't know you had travelled, so perhaps you will be able to manage."

I didn't think it worth while to tell him that I had only been in Brussells two days, and that it rained all the time, as I was told it amost always does there, hence so many Brussells Sprouts, but I at wunce made up my mind to strike up a closer acquaintence with one of our yung French Waiters to himprove myself in his tung, and himprove him in ours. And I'm getting on quite wunderfool. Why, ony yesterday a forren gent said to me, "Encore de Pulley, Gasson!" to which I at wunce replied, "Be hanged! Mossoo," and took him some. I was a good deal emused at his calling me a boy, but my young French friend told me as it was only their way, and didn't mean no offense, so I forguv him. But wot a langwidge! to encore a biled chicking as if it was a comick Song! Of course I sumtimes makes mistakes, who woodn't? Last Munday, for instance, a forrener asked me for some raisins, and of course I took him some and some armonds with 'em, but he larfed quite artily, and kindly sed, "I sink as you calls 'em grapes," but wot ignorance, not to know one from the other!

I find too, werry much to my discumfort and worry, that I am xpected to bussel about jest as if I was the mere boy as the French gents calls me, witch is of coarse so werry different to what I have for so many years bin akustomed to in the dear, old, quiet, respeckt-able City, that I sumtimes wunders whether I shall be able to stand it for long. Another thing too as I misses terribly, is the hutter habsence of Toastes. No loyal Toastes, nor no Army and Navy and Wollunteers, and no blushing Churchman's helth, nor no Lord Mayor's helth, but dreckly as they 've dun their dinner away they goes to the Play or some such frivolus emusement, insted of setting for ours and ours over their wine, and lissening with rapshure to the long speaches, as full of wit as they is of wisdom, which has made us what we are, the sollemest, and the most respectablest, and the most diningoutest people in Urope, and the best frends to the pore hardworking Waiters of any other nation.

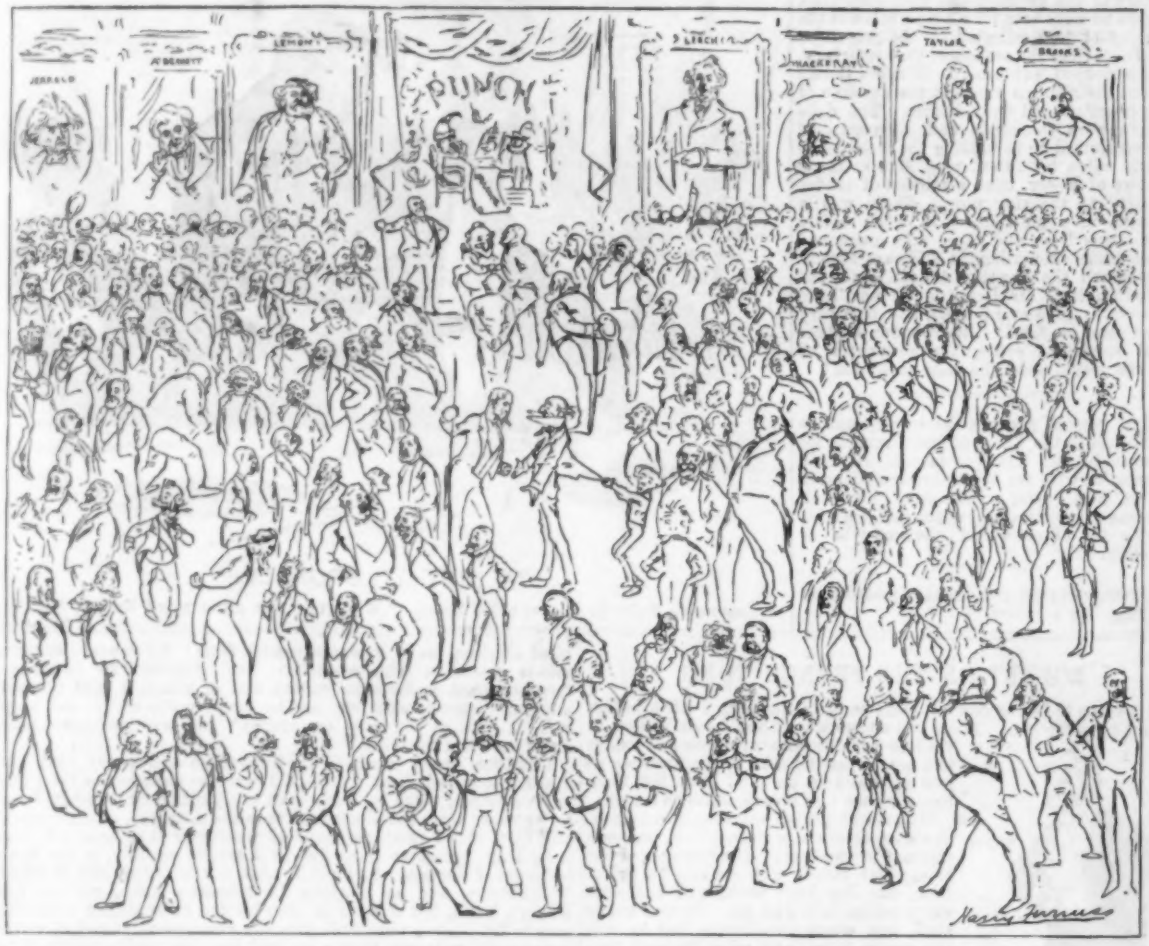
What a glorious free-drinking race we must have bin in days gone by! How one's respect rises up when one hears of a digneterry of the Church who lived to the green old age of 80, becoz he always drunk a bottle of old port every day of his life from his youth upwards. How artily I wish I coud afford to foller his brillyant xampel! and so gain the profound admiration of my fellow men, as he did. Why, to such a man his dinner must have bin to him the one great object of his life, as it ort to be to every real Gentleman. My son WILLIAM, who is a good calculator, tells me that this trewly reverend Diwine must have drunk a hole Pipe of Port ewery two years of his life! What a time of it his rewerend Butler must have had!

ROBERT.

SWIVELLERIANISM.

FROM the Police Reports we have discovered that there is a Society called "The Social Trumps." What a Swivellerian title! The dispute which made these trumps Police Court Cards turned on a question of money, and the Magistrate, Mr. LUSHINGTON (could there have been a more significantly appropriate name for a justice having to decide a Swivellerian case?) recommended the Social Trumps to settle their little difficulty amicably among themselves. We hope the Trumps went and had a jolly blow out together, enlivened with songs about "The Rosy" and "Glorious Apollo," and sentiments to the effect that none of them "might ever want a friend or a bottle to give him." The "Social Trumps" must be enjoying their Christmas festivities. Their Christmas, of course, is The King of Trumps.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 56.



MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S DAY RECEPTION.

CHRISTMAS CRIMES.

(Dedicated to the unfortunate Concocters of Sensational Leading Articles.)

"A MERRY Christmas! And why not a Merry Christmas, we should like to be informed? Is it not far better to be joyous and mirthful than to be——" (&c. Supply vigorous epithets here). "A black-souled tyrant like CÆSAR BORGIA could, no doubt, spend his Yule-tide in——" (&c., &c. Invent some revolting anecdote about CÆSAR B.) "Yet even those insufficiently clad progenitors of ours, the ancient Druids, seem to have understood as though by instinct the solemn nature of the season which to-day ushers in, and in what Mr. FREEMAN——" (or was it Lord TENNYSON? Never mind—chance it!)—"calls the 'dateless dawn of history,' they first employed the mistletoe bough for ritual, and perhaps even for osculatory, purposes, and habitually gave themselves an extra coat of paint on the 25th of each recurrent December. And who can blame them?" (Recollect that interrogatories, addressed to nobody in particular, add force to a style.) "What though our modern Yule-tide ceremonies are a mere survival of——" (Here bring in anything you know about the Roman Saturnalia, say something pretty about holly being Scandinavian, and that "Waits" were quite common in Athens in SOPHOCLES' time, especially on the stage. Then go on triumphantly and truculently, as if you had proved your point down to the ground)—"What difference does it make? It is the great holiday of the Winter——" (This will be a novel idea to most of your readers.) "For the children, who gather round the cheerful fire, and listen to the ghost-story invented by some eloquently mendacious uncle, the season positively sparkles and scintillates with happiness."

"How exquisitely pleasant it is to hear the childish voices," &c., &c. (to any amount).

"Even for the elders, too, there is a mirth and joy about the Sacred Season, as they calmly retire to their beds just when the row down-stairs is becoming unbearable, and locking their doors, look carefully round the room to see that the jug is filled in readiness for the midnight serenaders of this blissful time.

"When DICKENS drew his immortal picture of——" (&c., &c. Here gush at length about *Gabriel Grubb*, *Tiny Tim*, and anybody suitable, from *The Christmas Chimes* or *Carols*), "or when WASHINGTON IRVING depicted the more than feudal merry-makings at"——(&c., &c. Try to cook up as much about *Bracebridge Hall* as you think the public will stand. Perhaps a few practical words at the end would be advisable, as follows):—

"And after our traditional Yule-tide offerings are over; after the preposterous claims of the postman and the lamp-lighter have been liquidated by liquor or satisfied by sixpences; then can we forget that besides this private bounty we also have a duty to our country? Lives there the man with soul so dead, Whose heart within him has not bled, And who, quite promptly has not fled, at mention of that grandest of Nineteenth Century inspirations, the Jubilee Imperial Institute? The Imperial Institute is——" (Here mention what it is. If you don't quite know, you can count upon none of your readers being any the wiser. Then add appeals for cash, a few more Yule-tide common-places, and a general and genial wind-up.)

WHEN a judgment is re-versed, ought not the origina to have been in rhyme?

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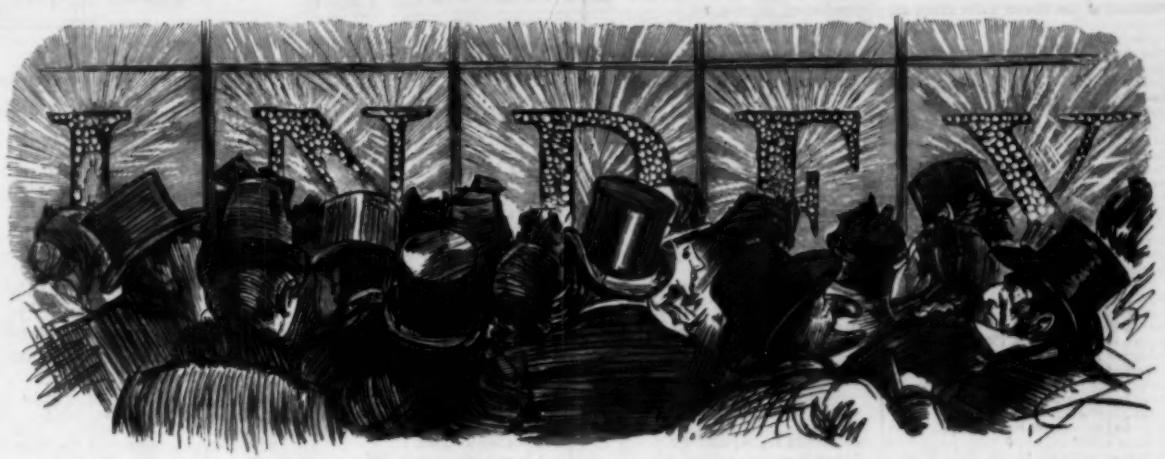

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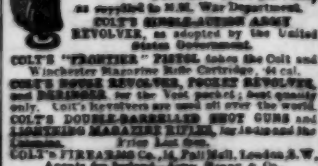

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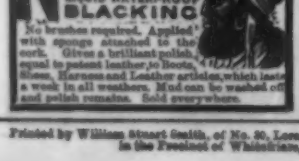

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